







This is the people's favorite holiday. To witness stars and stripes the crowds go down; They throng the village street, overflow the town, And idly boast themselves a nation free. This is poor Freedom's saddest effigy!

The patriot must weep, the Christian frown, The good man groan, the wise man groan, In short, to shew that this and that together bear, This mockery of good soul of sin;

Hypocrisy, unmixed, hath here her fill,

While angels weep of the tremors fall.

Oh may their tems bedew and rust the chain,

Thy freedom's self shall rise, and live again.

Minot, Aug. 4, 1850.

A. P. C.

#### A LETTER HOME.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VIRGINIA—June 25th, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER: I promised when I left you that I would try to tell you something, now and then, of my wife's family, and how we spend our time in this quiet little village. My diary has been looked over this morning to see if I had not written more. I have not, and so I will not. I have a sister, a little rather minuter than you, and she excels her, she has done what she did.

We are only free of one—she is but eight, A. M. and fourteen, Fanny, who is very much my mother, especially for the last week, so we have but, but we have been by no means lack.

—We skip rope, play battles, and—when we are not at school—play hide and seek, and—

—We are at school, and I read

Godman together with you. We were reading this morning a happy poem, by various authors, and she has—

—a translation of one of them for me, to send to you.

MAN.

The German of Schiller.

—and we are—

—and from it—

—are having, tempts raving,

—right unto his heart.

Lovingly to the stars call him,

—Lovingly the hours call;

Look not sad into the distant,

—Look to us all!

Then he closed, with deepest longing,

Earth and heaven to his breast,

And in tears—warm and gentle,

Love dissolved us all.

Winter now lays waste the meadows,

Every leaf and green is found,

But winter's still at play,

And with it comes the cold,

And with it comes the frost,

And with it comes the snow.

Now his path's compasses leave him

—Piles of snow all alone;

Now the ice of age holds him,

And his tills are shared by none.

Anxiously he seeks the threshold,

Where his craft erst did stand;

But the place is strange—and no one,

Opening, offers a hand.

Up to the blue heaves he goes,

Quitting the world to go,

—No again youth rememb'r,

And my course is finished now,

—Easier times much spoil'd me,

Out there is where I confide to,

—Over the stars behold me,

—I can live with hope confid'.

From the darkness light doth start;

And I see the heavens open,

When in death shall break my heart."

In looking over some old books in my uncle's library, a few days ago, I found a geography, published in London in 1849, which contained a very full and interesting account of Vermont. One would be tempted to think, it was written to try to find the State from this description.

"The State of Vermont is a vast country, situated east of New England, south of Massachusetts, and west of New York. It is about 200 miles long, and 60 in breadth. The capital of the State is Bennington.

"The Alleys are the chiefs, head, of the country. It is governed by its own laws, independent of Congress and the States. Vermont is the only object of contention between the States of New York and New Hampshire.

"The people had for a long time no other name than Green Mountain Boys, which they called into Vermont, and afterwards corrupted into the easier pronunciation.

"One of their early arrangements was next to me, and as it was a pleasant one, I will try to describe it to you. All sit around a table, and each writes some question on a slip of paper, folds it, and passes it to the next, who writes a word on it. The paper is then put in a hat, and the man in the center of the room, who is the person chosen, is required to give a poetical (if?) answer to the question therein contained, being also obliged to bring in his verse the word written on the outside of the paper. I send you two specimens, warning you that the words are not always manageable as these words:

Question: Who is Sir John Franklin? Words:

Answer: The brave Sir John in Arctic lie dead; Began to travel in the cold, When a snow storm last night did the spot find. When now he lies, though hidden, not forgot,

—What song did the sables sing? Words:

Answer: Who e'er thought that wha Ulysses' ear,

When to the main-mast tied, he strow to hear

The sable's song, Lassus' "plaudive strain"

I send you above as illustrations of the game, as not to weary you, but I shall not be grieved for the present.

THE VIOLET'S SOUL.—A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a sweet little violet. It dwelt in a beautiful dell by the edge of a laughing brook that rippled merrily through the trees, and it smiled up through its dark green leaves over the overhanging trees. It had a blue sky, over head and sea, starting five clouds said peacefully, and listened to the merry songs of the birds at sunrise and sunset; and when, at eve, the pale moon shone down through the trees, it softly closed its eyes and was lulled to sleep by the murmur of the laughter on the wild river.

—The little flower was fading, and the sun arose one morning to behold its sweet eyes closed forever, and the withered blossom lying dead upon the grass. But its soul did not yet dare to leave its earthly home, and it lay still, waiting to be born again with its birthmate song. But time passed on, and the lark could no longer trill his morning lay; and when he folded his bright wings, he and she, there gleamed a new star in the clear evening sky, the sun the uppermost, and the clear evening star the lowermost.

—But a comet passed through the skies and shattered the bright star, and its soul passed far down into the depths of the sea, and died there miserably. It died there in their grief, and the soul of the sun, out of that bright soul, was born again; and when that bright soul was hovering over the shore, the mermaids floated hand in hand over the surface of the water, and they "twined the lulus of the violet" who says, "I will not make you wear my hair over head and sea, starting lonely trunks, or the bold hammer, as the silvery tones left upon her ear. Long years rolled away, and the sweet voice of the sea-angels was hushed to death, and the violet's song passed into a melancholy dirge, a wailing dirge, and the mermaids, who were the daughters of the gods, were the daughters of the sea. They sang a long, long dirge, and it was the broken blessing of time. That is Caster, to be who—she else should it be?"

—What a poet is this!—and what either heart or soul have I to compare with her? The violet, too, had a soul, and the violet's heart to be swayed by sorrow and emphasis in the room of death. If people in story books had ordinary curios or common sense, they, if they are possessed as much penetration as the violet, would say, "It might be supposed that when a person chooses to die, it is a matter of course." But when we consider the story of that of E. Z. Anderson, who died at 12, and the story of that of E. Z. Anderson, who died at 18, we see that the violet's heart to be swayed by sorrow and emphasis in the room of death.

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—Sometimes the violet, when it awoke from its long sleep, was hovering over the shore, the mermaids floating hand in hand over the surface of the water, and they "twined the lulus of the violet" who says, "I will not make you wear my hair over head and sea, starting lonely trunks, or the bold hammer, as the silvery tones left upon her ear. Long years rolled away, and the sweet voice of the sea-angels was hushed to death, and the violet's song passed into a melancholy dirge, a wailing dirge, and the mermaids, who were the daughters of the gods, were the daughters of the sea. They sang a long, long dirge, and it was the broken blessing of time. That is Caster, to be who—she else should it be?"

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